

*Prin.* Well, heere is my legge.

*Fal.* And heere is my speech: stand aside, Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

*Fal.* Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holds his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene;  
For teares do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as euer I see.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

*Harry,* I doe not onely maruell where thou spendest thy time, but also, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammome, the more it is troden, the faster it growes; yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lieth the poynt, why, being sonne to me, art thou so pointed at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of England proue a thiefe, and rake purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry,* which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for *Harry,* now I doe not speak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerful looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think, his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry,* I see vertue in his looks; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish; and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.*

*Prince.* Dost thou speake like a King? doe thou stand for me, and Ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so maiestically both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabber-sucker, or a powlters hare.

*Prince.* Well, heere I am set.

*Fal.* And heere I stand, iudge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now *Harry,* whence come you?

*Fal.* My Noble Lord, from *Eaßcheape*.

*Prince.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grievous.

*Fal.* Zbloud my Lord, they are false: nay, Ile tickle yee for a young Prince yfaith.

*Prince.* Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne' relook on me, thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a Diuell haunts in the likenesse of a fat old man, a tunne of uan is thy companion; why dost thou conuerse with that trunk of humors, that boulting-hutch of beastlinesse, that swolne parcell of Dropfies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that stuffe Cloake-bag of gutts, that rosted Manning-tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that father Ruffian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein craftie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

*Prince.* That villanous abominable misleader of youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harme in him then in my selfe, were to say more then I know: that he is old (the more the pittie) his white haire do witness it: but that he is (saying your reuerence) a whoremaster, that I vterly deny: if Sacke and Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry be a sinne, then many an old Oast that I know, is damn'd; if to be fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, banish *Peto*, banish *Barbol*, banish *Poins*, but